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A MERRY CHRISTMAS

By C. MAY HOLLISTER, R.N.

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It was one of the most happy Christmas seasons we had known for a long time. It came the year Sister Katherine and I were visiting in Nebraska, and began ten days before Christmas, when Katherine was summoned to Omaha to substitute during the illness of one of the Deputy Probation Officers of the Juvenile Court. We were visiting relatives about one hundred and twenty-five miles out on the prairies when the summons came through a friend with whom she had previously done social service work.

Having a little final shopping to do, and not wishing to be left out of any of Katherine's experiences, I decided to accompany her and to remain in the city for a short time.

Her duties began on a day when court was in session, so I gained permission to attend with her and found it all so absorbing and interesting, that I decided then and there to remain in the city as long as she was needed.

One morning, a couple of days later, Katherine rang me up, after reaching the office, asking, "Will you come down right away, as a volunteer worker to help mend and fix up Christmas toys?" I said Yes, and hung up the receiver, then pondered. Toys in a Juvenile Court office! What did that mean? Had some children been tempted by the attractions in the shops? Poor kiddies. I was mystified. But all was soon explained when, upon reaching the office, Katherine introduced me to the genial Chief, whose happy face was enough to restore courage to any who had lost it, and give confidence and hope to those who needed it. In a few words, he told us that he had learned the year before of a number of poor children in the city who had failed to have anything given them for Christmas. In some unfortunate way they had been overlooked or were unknown to the various organizations dispensing Christmas cheer and so it was now his plan that every child should have something for Christmas. It mattered not whether they were children who had unfortunately fallen into the hands of the law, or whether they were children unknown to him; no child in the city must be left out, if likely otherwise to have no Christmas. With this end in view, two large packing boxes of toys had been purchased and now it was our task to look them over and make repairs where needed. There were trumpets, horns, blocks, books, balls, dolls, soldiers, animals, and all that go to make up a goodly Christmas collection for young citizens. Some of the dolls had lost their eyes, and

some their wigs, in transit, while the guns of the soldiers and the manes of the horses occasionally needed a little attention. Plaster of paris soon restored to their proper places the brilliant, blue eyes of the flaxen haired dolls, while the glue pot did good service in all directions.

In a few days we were ready for the throng of children who had been invited to call at the office, a good-sized throng it was, too, for the probation officers, while on their rounds of duty, had voluntarily added to their regular work the more happy task of trying to locate every child likely to be neglected or passed by without a Christmas greeting. This meant many trips to the "River Bottom," a section where those very low in the scale of human existence tried to maintain that existence.

The sight of the eager, happy faces, as they came on the appointed day for their gifts, the privilege of being among them, to assist in distributing the presents, are experiences we shall both long remember.

Finally, two days before Christmas, the work of distribution was finished and I was going back to the prairies, but Katherine said No. She wished to remain and see the newsboys receive their Christmas dinners on Christmas Eve, from their "Big Brother Mogy," for this genial Probation Chief found time not only to give cheer to the wayward and neglected waif, but remembering well when he too was a "newsy," he arranged annually, through subscriptions from interested ladies of the city, to provide dinners for the newsboys. Past experience had taught Mr. Bernstein that the practice of gathering the boys together on Christmas Day in a big hall, and serving a dinner to them, had its shortcomings. Hence he gathered his forces in a large, rear room of one of the city newspaper plants. There we went on Christmas Eve, and were introduced to some of the interested people of the city who were contributing financially toward the Christmas cheer.

The boys were waiting in hoards outside the doors; the snow was falling fast and drifting furiously, but no matter about the cold outside, for inside there awaited each boy whose name was on the long sheet of paper in Mr. Bernstein's hands, a live chicken, a generous number of raw potatoes, uncooked cranberries, packages of cereal and a pair of warm mittens or gloves. Crates upon crates of live chickens contributed to the general hum and clamor, with added crescendo notes each time a chicken was withdrawn from its cage and its legs tied together before being handed over to a boy, after he had been fitted with either mittens or gloves, according to his size.

Assisting Mr. Bernstein in the heavier part of the distribution were three or four of the big "newsies," those who had almost reached the dignity of manhood, while to those of us who were visitors was given

the pleasure of fitting gloves and mittens. In time, every boy of the large throng had gone, his hands comfortably covered and his arms filled, trudging homeward with the good things which he would share with those at home and so, himself learn, in turn, the pleasure which comes from giving to others, as well as from receiving.

To the question, "Why a live chicken?" Mr. Bernstein explained to us that, as some of the boys were from Orthodox Jewish families, it was advisable.

By the time the distribution was over, the last train from the city out to the prairies had sped away while the snow kept coming down so thick and fast as to now threaten and block car traffic. The sidewalks were obliterated by the deep drifts through which we floundered to our boarding house, two tired and happy women. The only train out in the morning was scheduled for 6.30. This must be taken if we were to eat our Christmas dinner with the nephew and his family awaiting us, one hundred and twenty-five miles north. Having no alarm clock with us, we slept with one eye open, or took turns keeping awake, all night, and finally, at five o'clock the next morning, dressed and started out, only to find that the trolleys which should convey us to the railroad station, had not commenced to run. Save for a few other travelers waiting for the trolley, the streets were dark and quiet until a bunch of "newsies" came along. It seems to be an unwritten code for the "newsies" to be cheerful, jolly boys and we soon felt the warmth of their happy natures as they laughed and chattered in a group near by.

Eventually the trolley came, just in time to get us to our train, and in five hours we were back with our own, dear ones, happy of course to be with them again, but happier by far for our work of the past ten days, knowing that without those privileges of service to others we never could have known such a very Merry Christmas as was ours that year.

LOBAR PNEUMONIA: ITS CAUSES, SYMPTOMS, PREVENTION AND TREATMENT

By JOHN B. HUBER, A.M., M.D.

Lobar pneumonia, or genuine, (as distinguished from broncho-pneumonia,) or croupous or fibrinous pneumonia, pneumonitis or lung fever, is a systemic infection having for its characteristic lesion an inflammation of the elements essential to pulmonary respiration; that is, the terminal bronchioles and the air vesicles with the blood capillaries surrounding them—the lung parenchyma. The presence and growth of